"THE WIFE'S SECRET."

*** *The Lessees, in answer to numerous inquiries, beg to state that "The Wife's Secret" will be strictly kept at the St. James's, and they cannot consent to "let it out" even for one night.*

ACT I. *The Old "Bower Saloon."*

Enter Lady Evelyn, *looking perfectly charming.*

Lady Ev. Joy! I expect my husband, Sir Walter Idyott, the Puritan Captain, home every minute. Oh joy! (*Music. Enter* Lord Arden *by window.*) Ah! my brother!!

Little Lord Kendal Fauntleroy's delight at seeing a Punch and Judy Show for the first time in his life.

Lord Arden (*gaily*). Let the audience know clearly that I am—your Brother! Good. Now, look here. A price is set on my wig, I mean on my head. My wig may be brought to the block. I must stay here.

Lady Ev. (*joyously*). My husband will be delighted.

Lord Arden (*with stern gaiety*). No, he won't. I am a gay Cavalier. He is a stern Puritan. I must emphasise this, as, when he comes on, he has such a startlingly brilliant costume, that the audience will make a mistake.

Lady Ev. (*hesitatingly*). Oh—no——

Lord Arden (*a trifle irritated by contradiction*). They will. He 's a stern Puritan. I 'm a gay Cavalier. He 'll have me shot.

Lady Ev. (*tenderly, but without conviction*). Not if I ask him not to.

Lord Arden (*more annoyed than ever*). Yes, he will. He's a hard 'un—so am I.

Lady Ev. (*sadly*). You are—an 'Arden.

Lord Arden. Take your oath not to tell him I 'm here.

Lady Ev. I 'd rather not,—but I will. There! (*Takes her oath. Music. Shouts without, "Welcome to Sir Walter Idyott!"*) Here he is! (*Joyously rushing to window.*) Oh, what fun!

Lord Arden. Where shall I hide?

Lady Ev. Hide? Oh, I 'd quite forgotten all about *you!*

Comic Chambermaid (*who has witnessed all the previous Scene*). Hide? Where? Why, as usual, behind the curtain.

Lord Arden (*superciliously*). Oh, that 's been done so often.

Lady Ev. (*struck by an original idea*). Why not in the chimney?

Comic Ch. (*decidedly*). No; only Low Comedians hide up the chimney, and then come down with their faces all over soot.

Lord Arden (*resignedly*). Well then, behind the tapestry. Don't forget you've taken your oath.

[*Disappears behind curtain. Music, suggestive of hiding behind tapestry, changing to something joyous. Shouts outside.*

Enter Sir Walter Idyott, *bravely attired.*

Sir Walter. Dear wife!

Lady Ev. Dear husband!

Sir Walter. Dear wife! When in the camp, &c., &c., when on the battlefield, &c., &c., the thought of thy sweet face (*and so forth or something very like it*). You look ill?

Comic Ch. (*promptly*). Missus wants change of air, and the sooner this room 's shut up and the key lost, the better for the piece.

Sir Walter. Good!

[*They adopt* Comic Chambermaid's *advice. Exeunt* Sir Walter *and* Lady Evelyn, *lovingly.* Comic Chambermaid *shows key to* Lord Arden, *who comes gaily out from behind curtain. End of Act.*

ACT II. Scene 1. *"Outside."*

Jabez Sneed. I am a wicked Puritan. Also I am Sir Walter Idyott's Steward. I hate My Lady because she has locked up my cooked accounts in the Bower Saloon. I must obtain them. How? it is locked. Ha! the window. [*Exit.*

Scene 2. *Bower Saloon as before.*

Gay Cavalier (*to Comic Chambermaid*). Being a gay Cavalier, I must, of course, snatch a kiss from the Comic Chambermaid.

[*About to embrace her. Wicked Puritan Steward's head appears at window. She screams. Wicked Puritan Steward's head disappears.*

Comic Ch. It was a man. (*Opens window.*) No it wasn't. I'll go and see. [*Exit. End of Scene.*

ACT III. *View of Bower Saloon window. Night.*

Sir Walter Idyott (*to Jabez Sneed, who has been telling him that there is a man locked up in the Bower Saloon*). Villain—ha! [*Half strangles him.*

Jabez Sneed (*in a corner*). Look there! Who 's right *now?*

[*Points to Bower Saloon window.* Sir Idyott's *Wife enters with candle.* Lord Arden *ardently embraces her.*

Sir Walter Idyott (*wildly*). Ah!

[*Guggle, guggle—whack; and he tumbles down, being literally "utterly knocked over" by the discovery. Wicked Puritan Steward gives a half-strangled chuckle. Curtain.*

ACT IV. *The Poetic Justice Room.*

Sir Walter Idyott (*to himself*). I didn't break into the room. I didn't go and collar my wife's lover. No. I only went indoors, and put on a different costume. That's all. Both costumes suit me uncommonly well, but in this I am told I look like *Little Lord Fauntleroy.*

Lady Ev. (*aside*). My husband doesn't know anything about my brother being in the Bower Saloon.

Sir Walter Idyott (*aside*). I won't tell her what I saw. If I do—there's an end of the play. [*Long scene between them about nothing.*

Comic Chambermaid (*entering*). The house is surrounded!

Enter Soldiers and Rude Officer. *Another long scene about nothing.*

Sir Walter (*expressing the general opinion*). We're all getting tired of this. (*To* Rude Officer.) Read this paper. I can do what I like with anybody.

Rude Officer (*after reading the paper*). You can.

Sir Walter. Then you get out.

Rude Officer. I will. (*Scowling.*) But a time will come!

[*Exit* Rude Officer, *with Soldiers.*

Sir Walter (*to his Wife and the Comic Chambermaid*). Leave me!—for ever!

Lady Ev. and Comic Chambermaid (*surprised*). For ever!

Lady Ev. Just as we were getting along so nicely too.

Sir Walter (*writing*). Here is a pass for two—for the front.

Lady Ev. (*examining it*). You haven't signed it.

Sir Walter (*with a sickly smile*). Always clear-headed. (*Signs and gives it to her.*) How's that for Huy?—I am alluding to the Acting Manager. It admits two.

Lady Ev. Good! (*Aside to* Comic Chambermaid.) Give this to my brother. You can go together.

[*Exit* Comic Chambermaid. *Shouts. Noise generally.*

Lady Ev. Ha! There he is——

Sir Walter. Who? I didn't mean it for *him.* (*He shouts to somebody from window*). Stop thief! [*Bang—bang! heard without.*

Lady Ev. Ah! (*Enter Servants with* Lord Arden.) Alive!

[*Staggers about anyhow.*

Sir Walter (*pleasantly astonished*). Lord Arden!!

Lord Arden (*sprightly as ever*). Yes; some fool fired—off went the horse—off I went—and here I am! Quite the gay Cavalier!

Sir Walter. It was only her brother, after all. (*To his Wife, reproachfully.*) Why didn't you say so before?

Lady Ev. (*deprecatingly*). Not my fault—the author's.

Sir Walter. True. (*To* Lord Arden). Your hand. And now (*turning to his Wife*) I will ask you——

Lady Ev. And you (*to audience*) will ask me too—why I induced the Managers, Messrs. Hare and Kendal, to produce this piece? Well—(*all listen intently*)—well—the reason why I did so, to our kind friends in front, and even to my husband, and our rightful Hare, will ever remain—The Wife's Secret!

Curtain.

New Reading for Next Time.

Should anything further happen to the ceiling in the Queen's Bench Division when the Last of the Barons is sitting, the scene, now thoroughly rehearsed, will be thus enacted:—

Last of the Barons. "*En iterum Crispinus!*"* Gentlemen, I will restate the old quotation thus, giving my own translation: "*Ruat Justitia*"—let every one engaged in the case get out as quick as possible—"*fiat cœlum*"—let the ceiling be mended; and, to avoid having to send for Court Plaster to mend broken heads, let us send at once for the Law Court Plasterer. *Ruamus!*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

* Here the name of any ending Barrister will be substituted. *B. H.*

THE INHARMONIOUS BISMARCK.

Empress (*sings*). What shall we do with our daughter?
Bismarck. Don't know. If the wedding's to be,
When over you hand her
To Prince Alexander,
You'll then have to do without *me!*

Ensemble.

Empress. } What shall we do with our daughter?
Bismarck. } What will they do with their daughter?

(*Spoken.*)

Bismarck. I think your Majesty is singing a little out of tune.

Empress. Pardon me, Prince; but it is you who are a great deal too sharp.

Bismarck. Um—well—we'll take two bars' rest, and then sing together——

Both (*in unison*). Vaterland! mein Vaterland!
La Li-e-ty! La Li-e-ty!

[*Left jödelling.*

O Templer! O Mores!—*Mr. Punch* thought so. He said so. The Major is a Good Templer, and not a Knight Errant. Perfectly satisfactory as far as the Major premiss is concerned. But how about "the Involved Muddle," *i.e.*, The Departments, and the conclusion? Now is the time for the Questioners Grandolph and Charles to rise as one man, and insist on being supplied with "farther information."

"Be in Time!"—The Last of the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*" will take place when Mesdames Albani, Antoinette Sterling, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lloyd, and Santley, and other eminent songsters, unite together to give Mr. Ambrose Austin a Testimonial Concert on his retiring from professional life. He has all his life been giving Concerts, so now it is but fair that one should be given to him. This is good notice beforehand, as the Concert is not till June.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A TURKISH BATH.

Scene—*The Middle Room of a Turkish Bath. Subdued light. On benches, and in folding-chairs, Bathers are vaguely seen extended in various stages of limpness. The usual Turkish* Bathing Bore *is heard discoursing to anyone he can induce to listen. In a remote corner is a* Somnolent Bather *who knows him, but trusts, by lying low, to evade recognition.*

The B. B. Yes—(*more thoughtfully*)—y-yes. Extraordinary the freedom with which my pores act! I assure you, I'm not here one minute before——

[*Proceeds to describe result in detail.*

Enter an Elderly Neophyte; *he feels shy and strange, it being his first appearance, and, owing to the gloom, and his own short-sightedness, seats himself upon the* Somnolent Bather's *legs.*

The S. B. (*roused*). Conf——Really, Sir, I think you'll be more comfortable somewhere else!

The B. B. Why, bless my soul, I ought to know that voice—it *is* Dormer! To think of our being in the same room all this while, and never suspecting it! Wish I'd known before—makes it so much less tedious, meeting with someone you know, eh?

S. B. (*yawning*). Exactly—oh, very much so.

[*Crosses hands behind head, and closes eyes.*

B. B. Difficulty is to recognise fellows here, y'know.

S. B. (*to himself*). Can't *button-hole* 'em, at any rate! (*To the* B. B.) *You* seem to manage it!

B. B. Oh, I knew your voice in a minute—"That's Dormer's voice, I'll lay a hundred-pound note!" I thought. The wonder is, you didn't recognise *mine*—I've been talking all the time, more or less.

S. B. (*guardedly*). *Have* you, though? It *is* odd, as you say.

B. B. I've often found that some people's ears have an astonishing lack of delicate perception. For instance, there's a very dear and old friend of mine—you may know him——

[*Tells him a long history about his Friend's aural deficiencies. In the meantime the* Elderly Neophyte *has established himself, in some trepidation, on a bench, with his head resting on a little wooden block, which he tries hard to think comfortable. He has a dry roof to his mouth, a tickling nose, and a general sensation of singeing. As the* Bore's *voice ceases, a silence falls, which the* E. N. *finds depressing. A Stout Gentleman observes "Phew!" occasionally. A clock ticks, and water drips in the distance. A head close to the* E. N.'s *sighs in a heart-broken manner, and a* Restless Bather *rises, and begins to prowl up and down like a caged wolf.*

Enter an Attendant with pewter cups of water; the E. N. *drains one greedily, like a shipwrecked mariner, and then has another.*

The B. B. (*for the general benefit*). Never drink when I'm in the bath. Rinse the mouth out, yes; but drink? no. I had an old aunt—

[*Relates a fearful story of the effect of cold water taken internally upon an old aunt—the* E. N. *begins to be alarmed.*

The B. B. (*taking advantage of another silence*). 'Nother thing man ought to be *most* careful about, and that is—never take Turkish Bath 'cept under medical advice. Now when *I* went to *my* medical man—(*describes interview at length. The* E. N. *reflects, with terror, that he has omitted to consult* his *Doctor.*) Dormer, my dear fellow, you're getting drowsy—very dangerous practice that, slightest thing the matter with your heart, and phit—it's all over with you! Why, *I* knew a man once—(*gives an account of a man who nearly died, which decides the* E. N., *who has been just dropping off, to keep awake at all hazards.*) You can always tell if it agrees with you—if you've any singing in the ears, or dizziness, or labouring of breath, or faintness, anything of that sort—well, the sooner you're out, the better—that's all!

E. N. My symptoms! (*Thinks he would be shampooed at once, if he was a little more sure what it was like; decides to let someone else be operated on first.*)

Shampooer (*drawing curtain at arch, with a certain grimness*). Ready for two gentlemen now.

PICTURE SUNDAY.

"Don't run away yet. You've given me no Criticism. I have a few Days still before me—time to make any Alteration, you know."

"Oh, ah—but not time to Paint your Picture all over again!"

[*Two Bathers rise, with the air of "ci-devants" summoned to the Conciergerie, and pass between the curtains; the* E. N. *listens anxiously for what can be heard.*

First Shampooer (*apparently an austere character*). On that slab, Sir, if *you* please! Lay right down.

The Subject (*of a chatty disposition*). Eh? oh, yes, I see; to be sure, yes, yes. (*A dull hissing is heard.*)

The Chatty S. Soon have summer on us now, I—a—was noticing only yesterday how——(*his voice is suddenly extinguished by what seems to be a bucket of water splashing over him—splutters and gasps. Uneasiness on part of* E. N., *who longs to hear him speak again.*)

Aust. Shamp. (*ignoring this conversational opening*). On your *back*, Sir; it's your right leg *I* want!

Second Shamp. (*a talkative Person, to his Subject, who seems slightly reserved*). You've 'ad a reg'lar fine turn of it to-day, Sir—comin' off o' you beautiful! (*Reluctant growl of assent from Subject.*) *Now* over, Sir, please. Bin to this noo Panorammer—Niagrer, Sir? They tell me it's fust-rate. (*Inarticulate grunt from* S.) Water too 'ot for you, Sir? (*Tremendous splashing, with some puffing and blowing.*) No time for goin' sightseein' myself, Sir; got enough to do 'ere, Sir! . . Looks a little tender, that foot, Sir—chiropodist on the premises, Sir, send him to you? No, Sir? Very good, Sir—Now on your face, if you'll *be* so good!

The Chatty S. (*indistinctly*). I—er—ha, suppose you're pretty f-full just now, eh?

Aust. Shamp. (*shortly*). Always busy 'ere, Sir. Sit up!

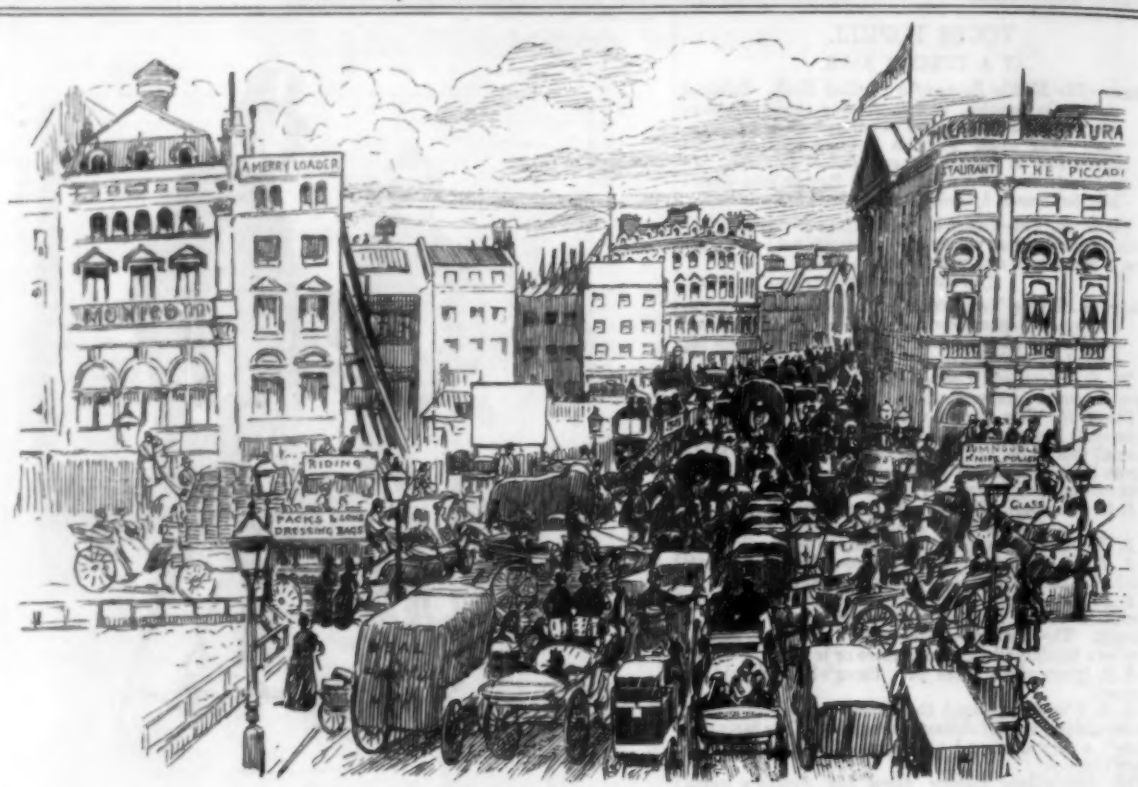
Talk. Shamp. (*affectionately*). 'Ave a little soap on your 'ed, Sir? Some of our gentlemen don't care for soap on *their* 'eds. Sing'ler, isn't it?

The B. B. (*bursting out again suddenly*). Capital cold plunge they've got here! one of the longest in London—go in directly they're done shampooing you, swim across, and close your pores, come out the other side fresh as a daisy—that's what *I* do!

E. N. (*to himself*). Cold water—and I can't swim, *oh*, Lor'!

[*From the Shampooing Chamber are now proceeding sounds more alarming than ever, as of a lively tune being vigorously thumped with fists upon an unprotected body, followed by what is apparently a smart castigation.*

The B. B. (*meditatively*). You'd think a man would be black and blue all over, after *that*, wouldn't you? But, except in a very few cases, I don't know



LONDON IMPROVEMENTS. AN "OPEN SPACE."

PRIZE PUZZLE. TO FIND HER WAY ACROSS.

that such an effect ever actually follows. I'm not sure, though, that the pressure on the ribs——

The Prowling Bather *claps his hands suddenly.* First Shampooer *appears.* "*Lemon Squash?—I'll order it, Sir.*" *Stout Gentleman calls for water, and is served by Second Shampooer. Cries of distress are heard from the Shampooing Chamber. The E. N., drawn by a horrible fascination, approaches the arch, and looks in. The interior presents a Morgue-like appearance, and on a grey marble slab the* Reserved Subject *is sitting, soaped from head to foot, awaiting the return of the Operator in sullen resignation. The* Chatty Person *is also neglected for the moment, and may be faintly perceived under the douche, staggering blindly, and gasping out—*"*That will do!*"

The Two Shampooers (returning by different doors). Called away for a moment, Sir. (*They perceive the* E. N. *standing petrified in centre of floor.*) Take you next, Sir? In another minute, Sir.

The E. N. (feebly). Er—very well (*with a desperate resolution*), I—I'm going upstairs to get my watch—I mean, my eye-glasses—back again presently!

[*Rushes upstairs, flies into his box, and dresses for dear life as scene closes in.*

Just One More.

Says George Jokin, "I call the Income Tax the 'tin tacks,' and, permit me to add, it ought to be paid on the nail." [Thanks. Can't put any more of yours in this week.—Ed.]

JAPAN IN LONDON.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO BRET HARTE.)

Which I wish to impart
And I make no mistake,
That for Japanese Art,
By town, mountain, or lake—
This new Japanee is peculiar,
And takes, as you may say, the cake.

Men-Pes is his name,
And also Mor-Ti-Mer,
With regard to that same
You could hardly infer
That his smile was so childlike and wily,
As I frequent remarked to Whist-Ler.

For in Bond Street were shows
By Whist-Ler, a great man,
Who, as everyone knows,
Holds the cult of the Fan,
And is nothing if not Japanesy—
Though he has not been to Japan.

But Men-Pes has been there,
And from famed Tokio
Has brought back very rare
Little paintings, and lo!
Here are dainty and delicate dry-points—
A thoroughly Japanese Show.

There 's a Japanese bloom
In a Japanese frame,
And a Japanese room,
And a Japanese game;
There are almond-eyed Japanese beauties,
And many more Japs I could name.

This is why I remark,
That Men-Pes sure must be
Just as fond of a lark
As the Heathen Chinee:
And if anyone ventures to doubt it,
Just drop into Dowdeswell's and see.

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

All the pleasure, with none of the discomfort and a saving of 99 per cent.!! Intending visitors to Paris who are going there merely to see *Les Surprises du Divorce*, will avoid sea-sickness and other miseries of travelling by taking a ticket for The Royalty Theatre, Soho, where M. Coquelin is this week playing in the above-mentioned laughable farce, which is just now the success in Paris. If you cannot get a *fauteuil d'orchestre*, or *balcon*, or any *loge*, ask for a *Boîte à Surprise!* Only a few nights more, so hurry up! And then *bon soir*, M. Coquelin, *et au revoir.*

A Song of the Lost Season.

(*A Long Way after the Laureats.*)

Winter hath us in his net,
Will he pass, and we forget?
April suns arise and set,
But we have not *seen* one yet.
Spring the gift is Spring the debt;
Even so!
Spring it is for which we fret—
Spring—'tis but a vague regret.
Still 'tis dark, and cold, and wet;
Winter habits garb us yet.
What *is* Spring?—for we forget:
Ah! woe, woe!

Merely a Suggestion.—A Conference of the Women's Committee of the International Arbitration and Peace Association is announced, at which the following question will be discussed:—"By what Method can Women best Promote the Cause of International Concord?" How would it be if they tried holding their tongues?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Long-expected come at last, and just now all the rage,
"Mister and Mrs. Bancroft both On and Off the Stage."
Two Volumes, on their pages will all eyes be fixed intently.
The binding is eccentric, and the Publisher is Bentley.

I dropped into poetry quite naturally, as may be gathered from the easy flow of the verse and facile rhythm; but "Woa,

"Turn and Turn about."

Pegasus!" or, if he doesn't "Woa," he may come to grief. Fascinating book *Les* Bancroft have produced. The arrangement is excellent. It reminds me of one of those duologue entertainments where the lady comes on the stage first, and does her speech, and solo; then *exit* "She," and enter on the other side "He," who immediately gives his speech, his solo, and then *exit* "He." Re-enter She; to Her enter He: dialogue, duet, dance, and *exit* one of them, and so on, until the final duet, and curtain. Most of it is mirth-moving; here and there is a touch of genuine pathos; all is interesting, and the narrative is directed throughout by the best possible taste. To quote one of our national modern ballads,—

"They wouldn't hurt a baby,
They're a pair as you can trust."

But the publication of this book is a death-blow to a great many theatrical *raconteurs*. It gives to the world nearly all the stories which were the property of a select few, and an annuity to their privileged possessors in the way of dinner-parties for many years past. Directly that storehouse of professional anecdote, Muggins McMymmick, shall at any time hereafter commence one of his many excellent stories about the amusing Comedian Bob Romer, he will be immediately interrupted by his fellow-guests with cries of, "Oh, yes, we've read that in the Bancrofts' Book." There is only one chance left for him, and that is to introduce his stock-in-trade by first mentioning the Busy B.'s Book, and then giving his own version of their stories, affecting to set them right on various points. The Bancrofts' reminiscences have already run to three editions. Who started the Reminiscensing Craze? "Kettle began it"—that is Edmundus Mundi, and his volumes went off like steam. There were many others: and then came Frith's. Now I hear that Mr. Toole is going to publish his reminiscences, which Mr. Joseph Hatton is Boswelling for him. The publishing season of 1887 and 1888 will be known as "Sacred to the Memories." Mr. R. Cornet Grain has just concluded a short series of entertaining autobiographical anecdotes in *Murray's Magazine*. "Murray come up, forsooth! go to!" Why did he bring them to so abrupt a termination? But perhaps he did it on *Mr. Weller's* epistolary principle of "pulling up with a jerk," and then the reader "wishes as there were more of it."

I mentioned Joseph Boswell-Hatton just now; I'll do so again; for the sake of telling anyone who may be going a railway journey, that he will get quite sixty per cent. of interest out of his outlay of one shilling in purchasing *The Abbey Murder*, at W. H. Smith's bookstall. It is not so sensational as the title would lead you to suppose. But it is a good story well, picturesquely, and dramatically told.

An interesting and amusingly written little book—still little, though revised and enlarged by the author—is Mr. Blades' *The Enemies of Books*. Poor Books! What a variety of foes they have had, from their own authors downwards, and still have. There is one chapter devoted to the Bookworm, which is naturally historically interesting to the present writer; and I, *moi qui parle*, protest against our family title being included among the names of those who are "the enemies of books."

Good Books are, indeed, the Diet of Worms, for the Book Worms family are great devourers and digesters of books. And why?—because we love them. On my father's side I belong to the journal-devourers, or paper-eating species. My sire was Sir Pertinax Anorium. His father was the Erudite Anorium, and his grandfather justly celebrated everywhere as the Panicum. My mother was the charming, severely critical, witty, and accomplished Œcophora Pseudospretella, with Greek and Hebrew blood in her veins. She could attack books—always justly. But none of the real worms were ever associated with the extinct grubs of Grub Street. This is the parentage of which I am justly proud, tracing it back, as I can, to the Ark, in the Arkives of which House-boat there were several most valuable works on navigation and natural history. If the Weritable

Worms had been the enemies of books, where would have been the Papyri now? I enclose my photo, taken of me some time since by Dr. Linnæus Sambornius, and am, Yours, most Wormly,

The Baron de Book Worms.

NEWS OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY.

It was recently rumoured that Mr. George Grossmith, so long one of the "props" and ornaments of the Savoy Theatre, was about to withdraw from D'Oyley Carte's Company, and take a Theatre for himself—and for an audience; as his modesty compelled him to admit (what would be "not admitted after seven" and "bonnets not allowed")—that he, by himself, could not fill the entire theatre. At first no reason was assigned for this rash act, but he has lately stated that he had for some time suspected his Manager of being in treaty with Mr. George Jokin G-sch-n, the Comic Chancellor, who, it must be owned, would be a dangerous rival of Mr. G. G. in the eccentric Opera and Short Entertainment line. Mr. D. Carte has explained that he was only corresponding with the Comic Chancellor on the question of taxes, and wanted to know if a "Gee Gee" retained on his establishment would be considered as a "Pleasure Horse." George Jokin immediately replied that he was sure a Carte could not get on without a Gee-Gee, and so the tax would not apply. Handshaking all round, and everyone satisfied.

MYSTERIES OF HUMAN GROWTH. (THREE CHAPTERS IN PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE.)

1882.

Jimmy Jones. "Ullo, Billy Brown! You 're cheeky! It strikes me you want Kicking!" [*Kicks him.*

1884.

Billy Brown. "Ullo, Jimmy Jones! you Kicked me Two Years ago! It strikes me it 's *my* Turn!" [*Takes it.*

1888.

Jimmy Jones. "Ullo, Billy Brown! about that Kicking! It strikes me my Turn 's come round *again!*" [*&c., &c.*

PERILS OF A PLEASURE-HORSE.

A Gilpinesque Ballad.

J. Goschen is a patriot
Of credit and renown;
A bold financier eke is he,
Trusted by London Town.

He is a brave equestrian,
As all the world doth know;
And when he mounted his new steed,
The world expected "go."

But saddle-tree scarce reached had he
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head he saw
That boy—an imp of sin!

That boy perceived him mounted fair
Upon his gallant steed,
Slow pacing o'er the party-stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The horse began to trot, and all
Admired J. Goschen's seat.

"Gee-up!" he cried. The horse gee-up'd,
To gallant Goschen's joy;
And all might have gone passing well,
But for that horrid boy!

That boy at first appeared to be
Upon his best behaviour;
Now he waved like a semaphore,
And pounded like a paviour.

So "Fair and softly!" Goschen cried;
But Goschen cried in vain.
Ah! now he 'll need a steady seat—
A firm hand on the rein.

"Yah!" cries the youth, and also "Boo!"
Irrelevant and rude.
What wonder if the charger shied,
Or if the rider slew'd?

Like some young rascal in the Row
Who waves his arms in air,
A swell equestrian to rile,
His gallant steed to scare;

So William stands right in the way,
And Goschen can but feel
He next may raise a hideous yell,
Or turn a "Catherine-wheel."

Steady, good Goschen! Keep your seat!
Remonstrances are idle;
William means mischief; spare the spur,
And don't forget the bridle.

The perils of your Pleasure-Horse
Are scarcely yet begun;
And lots of other urchins rude
Stand by to watch the fun.

Oh yes, no doubt, to scare your nag
In this way is a sin.
Fie on such horrid little boys!
They ought to be run in.

But such is the equestrian's fate,
Upon park-hack or hobby;
Prey to the ever-present boy,
The ever-absent Bobby.

If you 're a *Johnny Gilpin*, blest
With more of pluck than skill!
There probably will be a bolt,
And possibly a spill.

But if you keep your nerve, and seat,
You 'll add to your renown;
And Will will have to take great care
That he is not—run down!

Another One!

A hard-working Government Clerk has been ordered equestrian exercise. "I shan't mind your tax so much, Mr. Goschen," said the official to the C. C., "if the Government will raise my salary." "I 'll inquire in the Department about it," replied the kind-hearted Geo. Jokin'; "but, in any case, your pleasure in riding will depend upon the sort of 'screw' you get."

The "Robert" (Or Shilling) Dinner.

Menoo.

Potage à la Robert.
Whitebait à la Robert le Diable.
Robert Dory.
Pig's Cheek with "Sauce Robert."
Kibob Kurry.
Welsh Robert.
Dessert—Bob Cherry.

Excuse for Drinking before Dinner.—To Whet the Appetite.

THE PERILS OF A "PLEASURE-HORSE"!

MY PRINCE!

(As sung quite recently at Charlottenburg.)

Where and how shall I manage to meet him?
  What are the words they will make me say?
Shall I have with a shake of the head to greet him,—
  Tell him to call another day?
Will the Chancellor, true love scorning,
  Stand in the path, and never wince?
Must all my joy be turned to mourning,
  Must I lose for ever My Prince! My Prince!

I will not dream of him crowned and ruling,
  Mounting his late Bulgarian throne.
In Russian guile he has had some schooling:
  He only asks to be let alone!
They talk to me of their "strained relations,"
  Of the Czar who has hated him some time since.
But my heart is my own, and not the nation's;—
  And I'll give it to him, My Prince! My Prince!

So it's only a matter of patient waiting,
  And whatever scheme the Chancellor hatch
For him, since her strength he's under-rating,
  He'll find that Mamma is fully a match.
And, though he may growl, she'll manage to tame him,
  And tell him out straightway, plain words not to mince,
Alexander is mine, and as mine I shall claim him,
  And hold him for ever, My Prince! My Prince!

AN AGGRIEVED TAX-PAYER.

Sir,—My income has been reduced by your friend and contributor, George Jokin', from £3 per annum to £2 15*s*. Would he have done it, even if he had had the chance some years ago? No. Certainly not. But recently he has taken to making puns. He commenced it publicly at Mr. Wyndham's supper. After that—the Budget. Now Dr. Johnson has told us of what crime a punster must be guilty. "Who makes a pun would pick a pocket." Sir, my three per cent. pocket has been picked. When I next record my vote, I shall ask if the Candidate ever made a pun. Defend us from George Jokin, who is "punny wise and pound foolish" as he would say.

Yours,
Converted Against His Will.

Wheel and Woe.

By One of the Disappointed Deputation.

You'd tax our wheels to help the Common Weal?
  No, Jokin' Goschen, we can see no joke in it.
Wheelwrights this wheel-wrong very sorely feel.
Look out Ixion, or we'll lock *your* wheel,
  And put *our* spoke in it!

WITH ALL THEIR ART.

Sir,—Mr. Walter Besant's proposition, in regard to the Art of Novel Writing, that "no moving situation was ever yet depicted, the writing of which did not cost the Author anguish and tears," has somewhat perplexed me. Still, I own as a Three-Volume Novelist of some standing, my experience as far as concerns my own work, entirely coincides with Mr. Besant's. I have found myself frequently, not only sobbing like a little child over the pathetic portions of my works, but laughing myself into hysterics over the more humorous chapters. I am bound, however, to admit that they do not seem to have the same effect on my publisher and intimate friends, whom I have often caught laughing themselves into fits over my most serious and dramatic situations, while a perusal of my lighter and comic pages appears to consign them to the depths of a profound and impenetrable gloom. This, however, by the way; and I only direct attention to it, in passing, as a curious fact. Notwithstanding the opinion of some American authors to the contrary, Mr. Besant is, therefore, probably right, and we may take it pretty well for granted that the writer who moves others, must be first moved himself. I am going to interview all our distinguished writers myself, and will let you have the result next week. Yours inquiringly,

Fitz-Thackeray Bulwer-Scott.

APATHETIC OFFICIALISM.

Though it may take, according to the accepted computation, nine tailors to make one man, to judge from certain answers furnished in the House of Commons the other evening, it evidently requires something more than nine official men to re-make or rather to re-instate one *Taylor*. In his issue of last week, *Mr. Punch*, commenting briefly on the case of the sorely ill-used Patna Commissioner, and applauding the vigorous protest uttered by the *Times* on the subject, expressed a hope that the Government would speedily take the matter in hand, and, though at the eleventh hour, see the wrong righted, and something like justice done. This, however, they appear disinclined to do. To talk of an objection to "re-opening" the matter, as if it were an incident that had been put away and closed, is absurd, for, as a matter of fact, thanks to the historians who have carefully sifted all its circumstances, its details are thoroughly open to the light of day and patent to all.

Colonel Malleson, in his history of the Indian Mutiny, has fully investigated the charges made against Mr. Commissioner Tayler, and exposed their utter groundlessness and futility. Sir John Hayt, a writer likely to be on his P.'s and Q.'s, and Mr. Holmes, who is anything but "all abroad" in his facts, in their respective works dealing with the same period, have not only done likewise, but borne unmistakable testimony to the valuable nature of the services rendered by Mr. Tayler to his country in the very crisis in which his conduct had been officially attacked. To decline, therefore, in the presence of such experts, to entertain the "re-opening" of the question, is simply to refuse to look the facts of history steadily in the face.

To shirk this ordeal may commend itself to the official mind, but it is a proceeding that in no way finds favour with the public opinion of the country. That, the Government may depend upon it, holds that it is better that the routine traditions of thirty years should be utterly exposed and overthrown, rather than that a deserving public servant should undergo unmerited punishment and disgrace. That the official mind should be capable of taking any other view is preposterous; but that it shows significant signs of so doing, *Mr. Punch* much fears must be regarded as a melancholy fact.

THE SECRET OUT.

O Gladstone, rash Gladstone, pull up, or your fame
  To zero will fall, and to nothingness dwindle.
It *must*, for the great Star of Science cries shame;
  That true Boanerges, tempestuous Tyndall.
He says you're "not wise," and, dear William, you'll see
  This alone is sufficient the matter to settle.
He's such a big pot is Professor J. T.,
  And you—if *he* says so—of course are a kettle.
Balfour you may brave, or stand up against Joe,
  Front even John Bright, that polite letter-writer,
But you are *not* in it with Tyndall, you know,
  Why vainly contend with so smashing a smiter?
This Slogger of Science, this Sullivan, swears
  He was—well, clothed in light when *you* wore "Tory shoddy."
Yes, malice might whisper that what he *now* wears
  Must be fustian, could he but see it, poor body.
He girds at the Liberal Party as dogs
  For following you when he cannot. Great Cæsar!
If Science could only see straight when it slogs,
  This Tyndall, my William, might well be a teaser.
He chaffs you as pseudo-infallible. Oh!
  One can see why he's wrath at your strong self-reliance.
You infringe *his* monopoly there, don't you know;
For nothing's infallible now—except Science!

Evident.

"I see by the paper," said De Mogyns, "that 'The Prince of Wales and Suite' visited some Theatre the other night. What do they mean by 'the *suite*?'"

"The Princess, of course," was the very natural answer.

Quid pro Quo.

"The sweet simplicity of Three per Cents"?
  No, gone is that financial fine felicity!
Instead thereof, say the Rad malcontents,
  We've Goschen's "dear duplicity."

At Mr. Christy Minstrel Moore's benefit, Mr. Arthur Roberts sang "*Queen of the Tarts*" with his usual success. In the last century the ideal subject of this song would have been celebrated in verse as "*The Reigning Toast*." The "Toast" of the eighteenth becomes the "Tart" of the nineteenth century. What will she next be?—the Cheese?

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

Brown. "Shockin' Thing! You heard of poor Mullins getting his Neck broken in that Collision!"

Jones. "Ah!—it's as-tonishing how lucky some Fellows are! He told me 'last time I saw him he'd just Insured his Life for Three Thous'd Poun's!!"

NOBODY AT HOME.

An Interview à la Mode.

Nobody *was* "at home," and as willing to be interviewed as a pushing politician, a champion pugilist, or a Music-hall Mountebank. Nobody is a person of

Imposing Indefiniteness

of demeanour, of middle-age, of average height, of medium complexion. He produced upon the beholder much the same effect as a scientifically smudged in

Impressionist Portrait,

the most positive and salient point about him being his extra-large-size diamond scarf-pin, which blazed out like

Sirius from a Haze of Nebulous Star-dust,

or the eye-catching "Caps" in a specimen of modern reporting. Thence his extremities, head and heels, brain and boots, seemed to vaporise off into attenuated vagueness, quite consistently with the latest theories of Art and Advertisement. Salient and surcharged triviality, glaring forth like a Cyclops' eye from a misty muddle of

Circumjacent Nullity,

is, indeed, the open secret of success in the two chief branches of contemporary charlatanism. Notwithstanding this accentuated nebulosity, however, Nobody had an indescribable air of being emphatically All There!—what there was of him.

"No doubt," said I, "during your long and sensational career you have done many things——"

"*And* people!" interjected Nobody, with a delightful mixture of Whistlerian airiness and Slugger-Sullivanesque swagger. "Rather! I am found everywhere—in Parliament and the Prize Ring, at Burlington House, and in

Lady Lamia's Drawing-room,

on the Stage, and the Cinder Path. I am, in fact, the Champion Humbug, and to be that is, in these days, to be the Champion of Champions."

"Ah! Hercules, Apollo, and Mercury in one?" said I, with a sympathetic wink.

"Hercules be blowed! Apollo—not up to third-rate Music-hall form!! Mercury—a mere mug!!!" cried Nobody, contemptuously. "I should just like to have

Hercules in a Forty-foot Ring!

I'd Mitchellise him till he couldn't hit half an ounce, or 'land' within half a mile of a haystack.

"You have not confined your attention to the Ring, I presume?" said I.

"No, I've also had a cut in at the Book," responded Nobody. "I've written, with assistance—the most

Startling Sensational Shillingsworth,

on record, and had it log-rolled into sixty editions. Picked up a shady story in the side-walk of Swelldom, cooked it carefully with a weather-eye to the

Law of Libel,

and the Shilling Scan-Mag sold like Plumper's Skates or Tooth-paste

Puffed by Patti!

Beside that I've patented Pills, been appointed Special Commissioner on the Borrioboola Boundary Question, lectured all over England and America on

Art in the Nursery!

bossed a Sixteen-Acre Show, run a Conservative Caucus, started a Liberal Ladies' Lily League, founded

A New Religion,

and inaugurated a new School of Music, on the principle that not in Melody or Harmony, but in

The Uninterrmittent Æolian Wail

is found the true secret of transcendental Musical Art. I have also shown, in a book of six hundred pages, that the

Occult Double-Acrostics of the Odyssey

prove that Nebuchadnezzar really wrote the Homeric Poems. I have started a new Gallery for the exploitation of the great Neo-Teatray School of Art (first suggested by me), founded on the eternal esoteric principle of

Prismatic Smudge!!

I am now hesitating whether I will next secure the Billiard Championship, a Baronetcy, or the reversion of

The Leadership of the Liberal Party!

And still I am—Nobody!"

"Wonderful!" I cried, in gasping amazement. "And how—*how* do you manage it?"

"The Secret of my Success," he replied, "may be expressed in a simpler 'formula' than ever quack invented or tipster devised. That formula is

Bounce and Big Capitals!

The world being largely composed of Jugginses and Gapers, Credulous Geese, and Sensation-loving *gobe-mouches*, Humbug and Advertisement are the twin Arts to make Somebody, Everybody out of—Nobody!"

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Act III., Scene 1.

Shakspeare once more adapted to the Situation.

Biron-Bismarck loquitur:—

I foiled, forsooth, by Love? I'll be Love's whip,
A very beadle to an amorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable,
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal hath more thwarted me.
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:
This lord of love-rhymes, brave with baby arms,
The appointed autocrat of blood-and-iron?
This liege of loiterers and malcontents
Prince Bismarck baulk, venture to counter me,
Sole Imperator and great General
Of patriot policy? O my mighty heart!
Am I to be a corporal of his field
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop?
What, *I*! I sue to Love! I, for a wife,
A woman, so set back the German clock
Still a-repairing; getting out of gear,
And never going right, like a cheap watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be baffled, which is worst of all,
And, among three, to get the worst of all!
Am I to stoop to Love? to bend for him?
Make way for him? Go to, it is a plague
That Cupid would impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will watch his way to get my own,
I've whipped all foes; Cupid I'll face—alone! [*Exit.*

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 9.—Looked more like old times to-night. Benches well filled. A thin black line in Gallery facing Opposition Bench. In seat of Leader of Opposition, Gladstone, with flower in button-hole, and suspicion of pomatum-pot in coat-tail pocket. Sure signs of a big speech. Goschen moved House into Committee of Ways and Means to pass Budget Resolutions. Courtney, not to be caught napping again, came down to prayers in evening dress. Gladstone expected on his feet immediately after Questions. But Old Morality, looking moraller than ever, and with quite fresh stock of copy-book heads learned off in case of emergency, had sold Opposition. Instead of Budget Bill standing first on Orders, had put what Joseph Gillis (who still retains command of French language that carried him through the famous visit to Paris), calls "*le sale* Salary Bill." Poor King-Harman gone away for brief period of rest. Pleasant surprise for him to find his salary voted when he returns. Gladstone prepared big speech cutting up Budget Bill. Main body of Irish Members over in Ireland, treading on the coat-tail Balfour dexterously spread for them. The few present not likely to take on themselves responsibility of bowling Gladstone over into dinner-hour by obstructing King-Harman Bill; so put it down first.

"Opportunity is Heaven's first law," said Old Morality, fortuitously turning up one of his copy-book headings. "They'll grumble; but still we'll get the Bill through a stage."

So they did. Irish protested; took two divisions; but by Five o'Clock all over. The evening breeze making ripples round the prow of the argosy bearing King-Harman South might whisper that the Salary Bill was one stage nearer home.

All this involved hour's delay before Gladstone got his chance. An uncommonly bad four quarters of an hour for colleagues within reach of his forefinger. At them all round, prodding them in the ribs by way of enforcing remarks. Such larks with Childers! Got up from Gladstone's side to put question to Goschen. G. O. M. dexterously pulled Henry Fowler into vacant place, and began prodding process on new victim. Childers, unaware of what had taken place behind his back, resumed his seat. Found himself on

Fowler's knees. So G. O. M. prodded *him* till positions were readjusted.

"Suppose he must get rid of subdued energy somehow," says Harcourt, who generally sits next to revered Leader, and is the principal sufferer. "Since he doesn't think it diplomatic in circumstances to pan out on Ministers, he prods us. Capital idea of Childers to wear copy of Votes inside his waistcoat over left ribs. But Hartington and the other fellows best off. Sometimes feel myself nearly prodded into dissentient Liberalism."

Business done.—Budget Resolutions.

Tuesday.—Old Morality had great triumph to-night. Everyone shares in it, for everyone likes Old Morality, and feels soothed by his moral reflections. Triumph came at midnight. But there was preliminary victory shortly after House met. Edward Watkin appeared on scene. Wanted to know when and how Ireland was to have Home Rule. Everybody been putting this question for two years. County Clare out *en masse* on Sunday shouting out the question. Comes up at every public meeting; severs some Families; has united One; political air thunderous with reverberating question; here is Edward Watkin, of all men, wanting to know. Up rises Old Morality, solemnly approaches table, gravely meets Edward Watkin's strained regard, and, slowly beating time on table as momentous syllables fall and rise, says:—"There will be no indisposition to extend to Ireland an improved system of Local Government when it is made clear that the people are prepared to receive and work it in a spirit of loyalty to the Crown and Constitution."

Copy heading a little longer than usual. Won't go into single line. But how fresh the sentiment! how terse the language! and with what indescribable air of morality it is suffused! Ribald Irishmen burst into shout of laughter. But on Treasury Bench not single dry eye. Grandolph, sitting in corner seat behind, nervously tugs at moustache. Chaplin, in corner seat below, thinks he hears a sob.

After this, House proceeded with chastened spirit to its allotted task. Crowd of Notices of Motion; afterwards full list of Orders. Bradlaugh's Oaths Bill looms low down in latter list. Wants to get into Committee with it. If business steadily worked through, this Bill would be reached in time. So at Nine o'Clock, Opposition, led by Tomlinson *vice* Grandolph gone over to the enemy, tried Count, which fails. Motions run through; Orders reached. Vagrants Act Amendment Bill disposed of after moderate discussion. Now Bradlaugh's chance. But enter De Cobain with two Bills in hand and every appearance of having a third buttoned inside his waistcoat. Moves Belfast Municipal Franchise Bill; takes Division and gets it rejected. Next brings on Wages (Ireland) Bill. Long discussion. Half-past Eleven struck. Oaths Bill in peril. At twenty minutes to Twelve Buchanan pounced. Just in time to be too late. Division on Closure followed by Division on Second Reading of Bill. Agreeably occupied time till Midnight struck, and then Oaths Bill shunted. Seraphic smile mantled over countenance of Old Morality as he watched Buchanan's blundering tactics. "They'd better leave it to me, eh? Don't you think so, Toby?" he said, quite gleefully, as he packed up his stray copybook headings and locked them in his box.

Problem: to Find the Third Bill.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

Thursday.—Things beginning to look up. House of late grown so respectable that, regarded as a place of entertainment, quite out of running compared with vestries. Public deserting the place, and Members habitually play to empty gallery. To-night Bill entirely changed. A piece of the old kind put on. Scene, Ireland: *dramatis personæ*, those old favourites Parnell, O'Brien, Dillon, and Tim Healy. Joseph Gillis in the wings with old familiar smile on his face, and prompter's book in hand. Aspect of House suddenly changed. Benches filled up; Strangers crowded in; cheers and counter-cheers rang through theatre. For two hours and a half piece ran without a flaw.

T. W. Russell took opportunity of coming back again. Last time he spoke threw in his lot with Parnellites; denounced Government, and voted against them. Opportunity now at hand to pose as persistent Unionist and support Government. This the only dull part in the piece. As Balfour says, "There's no element of surprise about Russell. Taking the Session through, he's like a pendulum. Find him on one side at particular moment, quite sure that he's swinging to go back. The Prodigal's return all very well once in a life-time. But can't be always upsetting our domestic arrangements, and thinning out the most succulent from among our flocks and herds."

Everyone surprised to see Summers still going about, flooding waste places in Lobby with sunny smile. Thought Bright would have thoroughly crushed him with that ponderous epistle. Seems to have passed harmlessly over his head. If any effect is visible, his smile is a trifle more childlike and bland. Bright's heavy artillery not nearly so neat as "Bobby" Spencer's pop-gun. This also fired at Member for Huddersfield, when he was nominated additional Whip. It was before the bye-elections had begun to tell, and whilst yet the Dissentient Liberal ranks were unbroken. "Bobby," himself nearly a year in office, murmured, with far-away look; "Another Whip! Dear me, it seems that, the smaller the muster to be counted the larger the number of Whips."

"Goin' back agen."

Business done.—Debate on Second Reading of Local Government Bill commenced.

Friday.—Lords back to-night, like giants refreshed, after Easter holidays. Plunged desperately into business. Denman ("So like dear *Mr. Dick* is Denman," said Dunraven, back from Ireland, where he has been dropping his rents, and raising his salmon) moved Second Reading of Woman's Suffrage Bill. Cranbrook moved that it be read second time this day six months. What followed so interesting, made *verbatim* note of conversation. Here it is:—

Mr. Dick. May I ask the noble Viscount whether that would mean lunar or calendar months? If lunar, by yonder blessed moon I swear——

Cranbrook. Order! Order!

"O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb."

Besides, swearing's not parliamentary. Ask Halsbury.

Lord Chancellor (*admires* Balfour's *policy so much, imitates his Parliamentary manner with his legs. Just now got them astray under the table. After struggle, rises to his columnar height*). Ah—er—don't you think we'd better wait for Brother Herschell? More in his way, doncherknow. His grandfather in the moon and stars business. Spacious firmament on high, and all that; a little out of my way.

Mr. Dick. Must rule, or else I'll take division.

Lord Chancellor. Very well. Then, under circumstances, we'll say it's lunar months.

House then adjourned.

The Break-Down in the Queen's Bench.—A queer place for a "break-down," but the Judge, Counsel, and all engaged in the case "stepped it" with alacrity when the defective timber gave timely warning last Wednesday morning. At first the noise was thought to be occasioned by the Last of the Barons cracking a joke, or that some prisoner on his trial had just been "let off" by Mr. Justice Hawkins. But it was nothing of the sort. It was simply caused by "someone" concerned in building the New Law Courts. On inquiry, of course, it was found impossible to blame the Architect, or the Clerk of the Works, or the Foreman, or the Contractors. It was finally settled that as the green wood used in building had shrunk, the fault was attributable entirely to the "Contracting Party," which, in this instance, 'tis as clear as sunlight, was the beam. If they're all like the Queen's Bench, we can't correctly term any of the Divisions in the new building "Superior Courts."

"Happy Returns!"—A House crammed in every part welcomed our Henry and Ellen on the Faustive occasion of their re-appearance at the Lyceum. He has made a bag of dollars, and certainly as *Mephistopheles* he looked uncommonly dollarous.

Which Is It?—Recently the Gaiety advertisements have informed the public that "Miss Ellen Farren" is going to take a benefit, previous to her departure, &c., &c. A few days after this, the last nights (alas!) of "Miss Nellie Farren," &c., &c. We have never heard of "Ellen" Farren. "Nellie" is our favourite. But which leaves us? and, if both,—well, we shall grieve for Nellie, but we shan't Miss Ellen.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, and General Dealers throughout the Country. If not obtainable near you, send 4d. in stamps for full-size Bar, free by post; or 1s. for Three Bars, free by post (mentioning "Punch"), to

B. BROOKE & CO., 36 TO 40, YORK ROAD, KING'S CROSS, LONDON, N.

H. J. NICOLL & CO.,

OUTFITTERS.

LONDON:
114, 116, 118, 120, REGENT STREET, W.;
22, CORNHILL, E.C.
PARIS: 29 AND 31, RUE TRONCHET.

BRANCHES:
MANCHESTER—10, MOSLEY STREET;
LIVERPOOL—50, BOLD STREET;
BIRMINGHAM—39, NEW STREET.

NOVELTIES FOR THE SPRING SEASON.

GENTLEMEN.

SUITINGS, OVERCOATINGS, and **TROUSERINGS,** from the best materials, and in exclusive makes.

OVERCOATS and **CLOAKS** of every description, and for all Climates, always in Stock.

LADIES.

COSTUMES, JACKETS, and **TRAVELLING WRAPS,** new designs for the Coming Season.

RIDING HABITS, with Patent Foot-Strap, for Park and Country wear.

SERVANTS' LIVERIES, from the best materials, for moderate prices.

PATTERNS OF MATERIALS AND MEASUREMENT FORMS FORWARDED ON APPLICATION.

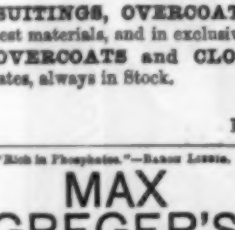
"Rich in Phosphates."—Baron Liebig.

MAX GREGER'S CARLOWITZ.

2, Old Bond Street, London, W.

ALLMAN'S WHISKEY

IS THE FINEST MADE



BANDON DISTILLERY
Established 1825

To be had at Clubs, Hotels, and Restaurants, and in casks of all Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchants throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies.

OLD VINTAGE PORTS.

1861, 1863, 1865, 1868, 1870, 1872, &c.
GUARANTEED.

S. JOHNSON & SONS,
WATH-ON-DEARNE, YORKS. Est. A.D. 1799.

CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY

(LIMITED).

SIX PRIZE MEDALS FOR IRISH WHISKY. First Prize Medal, Philadelphia, 1876; Gold Medal, Paris, 1878; First Prize Medal, Sydney, 1879; Three Prize Medals, Cork, 1883.

"VERY fine, full flavor and Good Spirit."—Jurors' Award, Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, 1876.

"UNQUESTIONABLY as fine a specimen as one could wish to see."—Jurors' Award, Cork Exhibition, 1883.

THIS FINE OLD IRISH WHISKY may be had of the principal Wine and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to wholesale merchants in casks and cases by

CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY
(LIMITED), MORRISON'S ISLAND, CORK.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL.

INIMITABLE, ORNAMENTAL, USEFUL.
Colours exquisite. Surface like Porcelain.
For Indoor and Outdoor Work, for Renovating Everything. Sold everywhere. Tins, Post Free, 1s. 6d. and 2s. ASPINALL'S ENAMEL WORKS, London.

SECURUS JUDICAT
Apollinaris
ORBIS TERRARUM

RANSOMES'

LAWN MOWERS

THE BEST in the WORLD.
SILVER MEDALS
Inventions Exhibition, 1885, Liverpool, 1886.
In all sizes, to suit every requirement.
"NEW AUTOMATON,"
"CHAIN AUTOMATON," "NEW PARIS,"
and NEW BANK CUTTER.
"NEW AUTOMATON" GARDEN ROLLERS.
All Machines sent on a Month's Free Trial.
Carriage Paid. Supplied by all Ironmongers.
RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFERIES, Ld., Ipswich.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S

HOLLOW GROUND

SHEFFIELD Post Free from 158, Oxford Street, W., and 18, Poultry, E.C., London, or from the Manufactory, Norfolk Street, Sheffield.

In Case Complete.
Black Handle ..... 4s. 6d.
Ivory Handle ..... 6s. 6d.
Far superior to all Foreign made Razors.

RAZORS.

BROUGHAM-HANSOMS, for private use, with Indiarubber Tyres and Coe Springs. The most exquisite Hansom built. Either open or closed. Light, roomy, and elegant. Sole Builders and Patentees, JNO. MARSTON & CO., Bradford Street, Birmingham. Drawings free. On Sale at Baker Street Bazaar, London.

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.

THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS.

In Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s. and 10s. each.

SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON,
AND SOLD EVERYWHERE.

NUBIAN

LIQUID WATERPROOF BLACKING
No brushes required. Applied with sponge attached to the cork. Gives a brilliant polish, equal to patent leather, to Boots, Shoes, Harness and Leather articles, which lasts a week in all weathers. Mud can be washed off and polish remains. Sold everywhere.

CARR'S TAPES.

FOR VENETIAN BLINDS.

CANNOT GIVE WAY.

CARR'S TAPES.

ANNOUNCEMENT (SPECIAL).—EASE and COMFORT in WALKING. EASY FITTING BOOTS and SHOES, made the actual form of the foot, low heels, imperial fashion waist, prepared leather, broad soles, allowing the toes to be in their natural position. Ready-made large stock, or to order. Best work, finest material, economical in price. Cash only.—WM. BIRD, 180, Oxford Street, London, W.

BENZINE COLLAS—BENZINE COLLAS
CLEANS GLOVES,—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES,—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES,—CLEANS DRESSES.

BENZINE COLLAS—BENZINE COLLAS
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE.
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE.
FROM FURNITURE, CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS—BENZINE COLLAS.
See the word COLLAS on the Label.
See the word COLLAS on the Cap.

BENZINE COLLAS—BENZINE COLLAS.
Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.
Agents: J. SANGER & SON, 489, Oxford St., W.

CHUBB'S SAFES

WILL PREVENT

JEWEL ROBBERIES

PRICE LISTS SENT FREE.
128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.;
68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, Pall Mall, London.

TRADE MARK.

DRINKWATER'S SPORTSMAN'S LINIMENT

is a valuable old Sporting remedy for RHEUMATISM, STIFF JOINTS, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT.
In Bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. Of all Chemists.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

is entirely a Vegetable Preparation, containing no Mercury, Potash, Arsenic, or any poisonous substance, and cleanses the blood by forcing out impurities through the pores of the skin. Hundreds of thousands of cases of Blood Disease, Skin Diseases, and Mercurial Poisoning have been relieved by Swift's Specific.

Mrs. Sarah Powell, 30, Russell Street, Brook Road, West Gorton, Manchester, writes:—

"I suffered for many years with Cancer on my tongue, which came near putting me in the grave. I took Swift's Specific, and am now well—can eat and talk as well as any one. I owe everything to S.S.S. I am ready to answer all question."

S.S.S.—Swift's Specific, sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Dealers. Price—Liquid, 6s. 6d. per bottle; Dry, 2s. 6d. per package, post free, 9s. 6d. of above price. Send for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases. Posted free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY,
35, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

DECORATE YOUR HOMES

The beauty of Stained Glass in every home can be enjoyed by using M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr's Patent

GLACIER WINDOW DECORATION

It can be applied to any window by any person without previous experience in the use of the material. Invaluable where there are windows with disagreeable outlooks.

Write for Illustrated Pamphlet (post free), Sample, post free, One Shilling, from the Manufacturers, M'CAW, STEVENSON & ORR, Linen Works, Belfast; or to PERRY & CO. Wholesale Agents, Holborn Viaduct, London.

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH

THE OLDEST AND BEST.
"The Queen" (the Lady's Newspaper) "hesitation in recommending it."
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.
Manufactory—SHEFFIELD.

Increases Vital Action

St. JAMES OLD RUM.

Aids Digestion

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 89, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, April 21, 1888.